UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton in Boston

By RAYMOND H. PALMER

Max Yergan

By GEORGE LINNAEUS THOMPSON

The Deserted Village

By E. S. HAMBLEN

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Creed

[We print the following as a supremely impressive illustration of American psychology—evade the facts, and fool oneself with the complacency of suave cheeriness! It was thus that Noah's neighbors must have talked while he was building the ark.—Editor.]

I believe in the United States of America.

I believe in the American ability to beat any beatable set of circumstances and come up smiling.

I believe in the ability of the American citizen to swim upstream, hit fast ball pitching, break out of a half-nelson and have a pretty good time in the bargain.

I believe that in the long run fair weather over-balances the bad, that all "breaks" are subject to the law of averages, that the expression "Good old days" is relative and that everything comes out all right in the wash.

I believe a little optimism never hurt anybody and can be taken straight.

I believe in the capacity of the American industrial leader and in the common sense of the American working man.

I believe that Uncle Sam is still at the old stand with a brave heart and a clear head and I do not believe he is in any danger of losing his pants, coat, vest or shirt.

I believe in the total inability of Russia to change the course of the stars, to rearrange the general appearance of the heavens, to eliminate the constellations, to discontinue the daily rising of the sun, to subject the rainbow to a five-year plan or to make the American of normal backbone jump into a hole and pull it in after him.

* * *

I believe American railroads are worth considerably more than a dime a dozen.

I believe the United States Steel Corporation, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the General Electric Corporation and other big industrial institutions will stay in business and that none of them is in any danger of having to take on a side line of lead pencils or apples. I do not believe there is any danger of seeing John Pierpont Morgan, Owen D. Young, General Atterbury, Charlie Schwab or James A. Farrell throwing their jobs overboard and deciding to make a living as ferry-boat musicians.

I believe that what the country needs more than anything else is a restoration of the ducking stool for professional pessimists, squawkers, calamity howlers and confirmed grouches. I believe in the ability, instinct, capacity and power of the average American to fight his way out of any difficulty, to scale any reasonable heights, to make the final payment on the automobile, to put something in the bank and to look adversity in the face and tell it to go to hell.

I believe the American people will continue to own and operate automo-

(*Continued on page* 144)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CVIII MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1931 Number 9

THANKSGIVING HYMN

[*Air: "My Country 'tis of Thee!"*]

I

Father, to Thee we raise
Our song of grateful praise
To Thee above.
Our harvests Thou hast blessed,
Sickness hath not distressed,
War's woe hath not oppressed
Thanks to Thy love.

II

Thanksgiving unto Thee
Shall by us rendered be
To Thee above;
Each nation, ev'ry race
Join in beseeching grace,
Kneeling before Thy face,
O God of Love.

III

May earth no more rehearse
War's song of crime and curse,
O make war cease.
Death-tube and shrieking shell
Sound for brave men the knell,
O hush that song of hell,
O send earth peace!

IV

May nations, creeds, unite
As one before Thy sight,
Father above,
With faithful loyalty,
Brotherly harmony,
Feeling we're sons of Thee,
Father of Love!

(Rev. Dr.) H. Pereira Mendes

J. Ramsay MacDonald has his reward. Caught up by the engulfing flood of English Toryism, he has been swept into office amid the swirling debris of the great Labor Party which was the handiwork of his heroic days. As we contemplate the British election, we confess we know not whom to pity most—MacDonald in his unparalleled victory, or Lloyd-George in his unparalleled defeat and ignominy. At the top and at the bottom two men, once great, now suffer an equal shame. For it is inevitable that when the Tories have done with him, they will cast MacDonald onto the rubbish heap where Lloyd-George already lies. What caused so vast an overturn of political fortunes in this recent election has been occasion for endless debate. We think the Manchester *Guardian* comes nearest to the facts when it refers to "panic," and explains that the voters cast their ballots in a hysteria of fear for the pound, the stability of Britain, and the greatness of the Empire. Along with this, of course, was the tidal reaction against an administration too long in office. Then, too, there was the natural swing of the population in troublous times to a safe policy of traditional conservatism. But these and other reasons still leave inadequately explained a political tidal wave of a magnitude so colossal as to constitute something like a natural cataclysm. The fountains of the great deep were broken up in England on that election day, and a nation, vexed by the complexities of three parties and a minority government, finds itself confronted by one party and a government practically without opposition. The supreme tragedy, of course, is the annihilation of the Labor Party, of which so much had been expected. Now the work must all begin again at the point where it started thirty years ago. The new party will be braver, stronger, more radical for this experience. But meanwhile how much precious time is lost!

The essential dignity of Gandhi was never better illustrated than by his refusal to wait upon King George in other garments than his now familiar loin cloth and shawl. Even the Chicago *Tribune* can see the point in this noble gesture, and interprets it not only intelligently but sympathetically:

> The suitability of this attire in London in November can be questioned, but it is the costume of the lowly classes of Hindus and it is the symbol of the Mahatma's independence. In these clothes he conquers or he doesn't at all. The clothes of London are designed for an occidental civilization which he does not like, least of all for his own people. He may be merely an antiquarian and a sentimentalist idealizing conditions which are not good, but he knows his country and its true instinct may be for simple, individualistic, primitive life, with the spinning wheel, domestic production and freedom from the intricacies of a mechanized age. The court apparel he would like less because it represents the imperial aspects of occidental organization, and he wants to be free from the imperial domination of the west.
>
> He knows also that in the clothes of the west he would testify to the superiority of the west, and he refuses to do that. He must also know that he has the British negotiators a little out of face. If he conformed in attire he would be recognizable as the inferior with whom the superior people would like to deal.
>
> Gandhi will remain in character or he will not see the king, an example which might more often be imitated by the representatives of people who have won the independence for which he contends.

The *Tribune's* suggestion in the closing sentence of its editorial sets us thinking not only about Americans

who appear before the King, but also about Englishmen themselves. Take MacDonald and the leaders of the British Labor Party for example! It seemed a small matter when they began dressing up in court clothes—knee breeches, silk stockings, and the rest—for their official appearances at Buckingham Palace. But *was* it a small matter—any smaller than might have been Gandhi's action, had he been less of a man, in arraying himself in western costume for a royal reception? These Laborites were, or at least pretended to be, the representatives of the working classes of England, as Gandhi is the representative of what he persistently calls "the dumb and semi-starved millions of India." Why should they not have kept to their simple working class garb, even when they met the King, as Gandhi kept to his *Khaddar* shawl? Did they not surrender, confess themselves inferior, when they put off their natural garments and clothed themselves in the silk and satin of their enemies? There is a momentous significance about these things. It is what the Christian finds and recognizes in his sacraments as "outward and visible signs" of inner realities.

Which is the better policy for responsible statesmen—to tell the truth, or to hide the truth? Most politicians, of course, follow consistently the policy of hiding the truth beneath an elaborately woven coverlet of bright-colored deceptions. Thus, Mr. Stimson, when he returned from Europe weeks ago, spoke with cheerful optimism about the condition of Europe, much after the style of Voltaire's famous character in "Candide," Dr. Pangloss, who insisted while he watched Lisbon destroyed by the earthquake that everything would come out all right in this best of all possible worlds. But did Mr. Stimson fool anybody? Did not every intelligent person instantly recognize that the Secretary of State was talking empty platitudes of optimism just for the sake of their effect? But every now and then an honest man tells an honest story to the public! Thus, Chancellor Brűning, in the closing days of last August, declared bluntly that Germany was in for the worst winter that the nation had ever known. Dr. Brűning was roundly berated for thus telling the truth to a hard-pressed people. But did he actually do any harm? On the contrary, did he not put iron into the blood of men and women who could be trusted to face reality? The answer to our question, it seems to us, depends wholly upon our attitude toward democracy. Do we believe in the people, in their capacity to manage their own affairs? If so, then we will give them the truth, no matter how disagreeable it may be, for knowledge is a first condition of wisdom. But if we distrust the people, if we think them incompetent, then of course we will follow a different policy. We will deliberately feed the people the opiate of pleasant falsehoods, and keep the facts to ourselves who, as superior persons, can do things for the people which they cannot do for themselves. This last, of course, is the attitude of most so-called statesmen in a democracy. Hence the reign of falsehood and deception in the government offices of the world!

Who are the rulers of our world? Can there be any question after the events of this past summer and autumn. Who dictated the Hoover moratorium and the temporary settlement of the German crisis? The bankers! Who forced the August crisis in England, overthrew the Labor Cabinet, and laid down the terms of the new budget and economy legislation? The bankers! Who took control of Austria in September and forced a change in governmental policy? The bankers! The reason why the bankers are our rulers today is the simple and obvious reason that these same bankers own and control the money resources of the world. When any government wants cash, or loans, or extensions of credit, it has to go to the private bankers. This, of course, gives these bankers "the power of the purse"—and this power of the purse is the power to rule. It is an interesting question, by the way, as to how it happens that private bankers have all the funds. The source of funds, of course, is labor, production, industry in farm and factory. From the wealth thus created, governments are supposed to draw such money as they need for public business from the citizens by process of taxation. But when all is done, it is the bankers and not the governments, who have the money. Even under these conditions, however, the bankers would not be so all-powerful as they are today, were it not for the fact that our western governmental civilization has gone bankrupt. Nobody mentions bankruptcy. But the hard, cold truth of the matter is that Germany is bankrupt, Austria is bankrupt, Italy is bankrupt, Holland is bankrupt, England is bankrupt, and France will soon be bankrupt. Only Russia is outside the charmed circle of defeat. And Russia, be it said, has no private bankers. The Soviet Republic does its own banking, thank you, and consequently, manages its own affairs.

In view of the embarrassment of riches now ruining the world—too much wheat, too much cotton, too much oil, too much coffee—we expect soon to see a complete reversal in the character of news in our daily papers. Thus, we must soon be reading an item something like this:

WHEAT CROP TOTAL FAILURE

Great Public Rejoicing

Kansas City, —, 1932.—The farmers of this section gave themselves over to unrestrained jubilation today when it became certain that the wheat crop was a total failure. It is not expected that more than a few hundred thousand bushels will be salvaged from the fields. Celebrations are spreading from town to town, and a public holiday will soon be declared, that the farmers may fittingly express their joy over this unexpected good fortune. Governor Smith says, "Prosperity is now at hand."

Or this item may greet us any day:

OKLAHOMA OIL WELLS RUN DRY

Celebrations Sweep the State

Oklahoma City, —, 1932.—A dozen oil fields in this state suddenly went dry yesterday. The failure of the supply is as complete as it was sudden. Wild excitement prevails everywhere, and the populace is giving way to a perfect pandemonium of joy. "This is the greatest day in the history of Oklahoma," says Gov. Murray.

It is obviously along lines such as these that our long-deferred return to prosperity must proceed. We must stop producing—shut down our oil-wells, close our coal mines, abandon our factories, let our fields lie fallow. Producing nothing, we shall want nothing, and wanting nothing, we shall need nothing. Funny that so simple a remedy as this should not have been discovered long since! Capitalism is all right, after all, if only you understand it.

We distinctly see signs of the running down of the anti-Prohibition campaign. Like a wheezy old clock, it is beginning to slow up and will soon tick its last. Of course, the times are all against our "wet" crusaders. It's hard to keep your mind on a beer keg, or even a champagne glass, when civilization is cracking up and war threatening. In such catastrophes as now loom about us, there is something essentially ridiculous in thinking of nothing but drinks. Such absorption in trivialities obviously argues a trivial or even feeble mind. Then, too, there is the hopelessness of the fight. It's hard work keeping on in a struggle which can never be won. Supporters are bound in the end to drop away. Here is Senator Moses, for example, who confesses that he's all through. What's the use, he asks? The country is "dry," says this honest if discouraged "wet." The Amendment can't be repealed. Talk about wines and beers is absurd with a lot of "old soaks" who want hard liquor or nothing. Moses, on this question, at least, seems to know how to recognize reality. He is unable to fool himself with wish-fantasies, and therefore proceeds at last to leave the "wets" to their own foolish and futile fate. As a matter of fact, of course, the "wet" agitation has only a "nuisance value." This value is in many ways great. The "wets" can bedevil the enforcement of law, nullify the Constitution over wide areas, debauch the public conscience, degrade the public life, betray our youth, give lavish support to bootleggers, racketeers and gangsters, for a long time to come. They can complicate our social life and add to the burdens of our government almost endlessly. But let them not wrap their miserable agitation in the cloak of high moral principle—when all they want is liquor! And let them not blame on the Prohibitionists the ills for which alone their own selfishness and bad sportsmanship are responsible! The time has gone by when they can get away with this sort of "bunk."

Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton in Boston

Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton began a nine-day revival meeting in Boston on Saturday evening, October 10, 1931. She had been married to her third husband, David Hutton, four weeks prior to the opening of this campaign. He was a member of her musical staff at the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles before their marriage. At the Boston meeting he played the piano and sang solos.

Mrs. Hutton is said to be thirty-nine years of age. Her husband is several years younger. He is stout, appears on the platform at the meetings neatly groomed in well-tailored business clothes, with a watchchain strung across his prominent stomach, his hair cut short and combed down with a part on the side. He is lame in one leg, and limps when he walks. Otherwise he has the appearance of a good-natured prize-fighter, except that he is too fleshy for active participation in the ring.

The Boston meetings were held in what is called the Boston Garden. This is a huge arena which forms a part of the new North Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was opened about three years ago, and since that time has been the scene of many prize-fights, hockey games, circuses and horse-shows, besides having been used for various mass meetings and the Gypsy Smith revival. The seating capacity is between 15,000 and 20,000. It is a barn-like structure with no aesthetic appeal whatever, oval shaped, having iron-railed balconies that extend the full circle of the arena.

Mrs. Hutton preached her first Boston sermon to an audience of about 4,500 people. They looked lost in the huge maw of the building. A platform had been hastily constructed on the ground floor at one end. This platform was backed by a black curtain hung from a proscenium at the top of which the words "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever" were painted on a scroll. When, during the sermon, the curtain was pulled back, a large cross in three dimensions, made of transparent cloth and lighted from within, was revealed. There were other crudely constructed stage "props" used as illustrations, notably a door-post with red paint smeared on it to represent the blood-sprinkled lintels of the Old Testament, a lamb being sacrificed on an altar of stones, and a snake curled about an upright stick. The evangelist's first sermon was entitled, "The Crimson Road." The point of it was that the "blood theme" runs throughout the Bible.

This stage arrangement proved cumbersome and ineffective. It was changed at the next meeting on Sunday. The proscenium and the curtain were re-

moved, leaving an open platform with the lighted cross still present in the back center. For the first meeting the volunteer choir was crowded off to one side of the stage, a part of the singers being forced into the balcony. At subsequent meetings the choir had seats on the platform behind the cross. When they sang, they gathered close around the cross, sometimes kneeling with their hands held aloft, a gesture which the evangelist likes and which she uses frequently.

Things did not go very well at the opening meeting. The crowd was small for the building, the three microphones for the amplifiers got in the way of the evangelist, the "props" threatened to fall over, the amplifiers were very noisy during most of the sermon, and Mrs. Hutton seemed worried. But she surmounted her difficulties very well, giving way to her disappointment only a time or two when she remarked plaintively about "what a big place this is."

At the close of the sermon she called for converts. About thirty people came forward. She had them kneel and repeat a prayer after her. She shook hands with them, sang a few gospel hymns with the crowd which was gathered around the platform, then was pulled away by her husband who caught her by the arm and urged her to leave. The whole evening was notably lacking in effectiveness from any point of view, except that her courage in going through with it was admirable.

On Sunday evening the crowd had more than doubled in size. Things went more smoothly. The evangelist felt better. But she still seemed worried. The newspapers were reporting that collections were falling short of the expenses, which Mrs. Hutton claimed were $2,600 a day. The collections for the first three days were only about $2,500. Furthermore, it appeared that James J. Curley, Boston's wily mayor, who is a Catholic, had trapped Mrs. Hutton, when she visited him at the city hall, into promising to give one-half the net profits of the campaign to the city's Welfare Association for the benefit of the unemployed. Mrs. Hutton chided the Mayor good-naturedly for this, but promised to stick to the bargain, calling it one of the "Curley-cues" of the campaign.

The volunteer choir was organized by a man who had been musical director for a Methodist church in Lynn nearby. Mrs. Hutton was disappointed with the number of singers at the opening meetings and she pleaded earnestly for people "to sing in my choir," but the results were evidently far below her expectations. Instead of 700 or 800 voices, mentioned in the newspapers as the number expected, there were only 122 at the third meeting, 82 women and 40 men.

The congregational singing also seemed to be a failure. Despite pleas from both Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, and their assistants, few people bought the proffered hymnals at 35 cents each, and, after the first meeting or two, there was little attempt to have the people sing. The evangelist herself sang frequently, stating that before her marriage Mr. Hutton had given her twelve lessons and since their marriage only two. "But," she said, "I hope to have more lessons, and maybe I'll learn to sing after a while."

Mrs. Hutton keeps the center of the stage. She has her husband sing a solo or two at each meeting. He remains seated at the piano while he does this, playing his own accompaniment. The rest of the time he sits there, either playing for her solos and the hymns, or in the attitude of an official observer. She refers to him frequently as the source of much marital bliss.

The Boston newspapers have carried hundreds of stories about the meetings. Every paper except the *Transcript* has played up the affair. Every few minutes during her performances flashlight pictures were taken of her by the photographers. Many of these have been printed in the papers. They show her in favorite poses, dressed in a white dress and black military cape which falls from her shoulders over her arms down to her knees with a silver cross about six inches in length hung around her neck. Frequently she is photographed in prayer. As she prays, screaming in a husky voice, the flashes catch her with hands stretched forth in a crucifixion pose, or with one hand lifted high above her head and fingers pointing like a crown of thorns. Photographs of her off the stage have also been printed in the papers by the dozens; she is shown in the embrace of her husband; she is shown sitting with him at night clubs which she visited immediately after her sermon on "The Second-Coming of Christ"; she has gone to two such places to invite the people there to come and hear her.

During her sermon on the second-coming, heard by about 10,000, she asked all those who "believe Jesus is coming soon" to stand. About 5,000 stood. This was as she began her sermon; it was evident that the audience contained a great many who already believed the doctrines which she preaches, especially those regarding the infallibility of the Bible and the second-coming of Christ. She referred, during this sermon, to Dr. Brougher, pastor of Tremont Temple Baptist Church in Boston, and said that they had loved him when he was in Los Angeles. Many people applauded this. Dr. Brougher was in the audience; evidently a great many of his followers were there also. Very few, however, of the Boston clergy have shown any interest in the revival.

The newspaper reports have generally been made with an undercurrent of flippancy. There have been many sly digs at "Sister Aimee" and "Brother David" and "Husband Hutton." There have been sensational stories of a suit brought against Mr. Hutton for breach of promise by a nurse of Lowell, Massachusetts. A feature of this story was an interview in which Mrs. Hutton asked her husband, before the reporters, sev-

eral questions about just what his relations with this other woman had been. He said, "It is all a lot of bologna." He said that he had taken her out, given her a present, but that he had made no promises of marriage.

I have seen only one editorial comment in the Boston papers thus far. I am writing this on Tuesday after having attended the evening meetings on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. This editorial was in the equivocal Boston *Herald* on Tuesday morning. It was non-committal and said nothing except that the meetings were a good place to study human nature. It was entitled "Aimee, Etc."

For my own part I have been struck by the absence in the meetings of any display of heightened emotion. I have attended many great revivals, but in this one a genuine "revival spirit" seems to be lacking. The evangelist continuously tries to incite the crowds to expressions of religious fervor. She will yell, "Everybody say 'Amen'." Hundreds, perhaps thousands respond, but thousands more do not, and those who do respond fail to impress one with a feeling that emotionalism is running high. Despite the fact that there seem to be many in the audience who share the evangelist's professed religious beliefs, there does not appear to be any deep current of feeling in the meetings. There is a damper some place. I have had the impression that the crowds are not convinced of the evangelist's sincerity. They do not quite warm up to her. One feels an undercurrent of suspicion even in the minds of her so-called followers. They want, no doubt, to have an emotional spree, but, so far, they have not been able to get over their attitude of curiosity toward this woman and her third husband. They are waiting to see what she will do next.

Mrs. Hutton tries many of the tricks of her profession. She tries to put herself on a level with the "folks" by telling them that she is a farmer's daughter. She tries quick shifts from funny stories to stormy attacks on the devil and his cohorts. She makes much of "the old book," a copy of which, bound in white, she holds in her hands and frequently pounds as she preaches. She makes the usual references, in melodramatic style, to the cross, frequently standing in front of her stage-cross with hands out as though she were trying to suggest the crucifixion by her own person. She pleads for "amens" and "hallelujahs." But her stunts fail really to produce much emotion. The number of converts, too, has been surprisingly small.

The prevailing attitudes seem to be two. First, those who sympathize with her to some extent sit there hoping that there will be "a revival." They apparently comprise about half the crowds. Second, the other half are frankly skeptical; they have come simply through curiosity; they want to see what this woman is like—she who gets "kidnapped," married frequently, and who quarrels with her mother over the management of the spectacular Angelus Temple enterprise.

Despite earnest pleas on her part that nobody will leave his seat until the meeting is over, many persons get up and go out during the closing moments of the sermons or while she is pleading for converts. The final scenes of each meeting which I have witnessed have taken place with about half the audience departed and the other half standing in a jam around the platform in an effort to get a closer view of her. All in all, one gets the impression that the crowds are very curious with regard to the person of Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, that they are a bit suspicious of her sincerity, that they are not as gullible as one expects a revival crowd to be, and that they are waiting, just waiting, to see what she can do.

The American people have become somewhat accustomed to spectacles, to crowds. It becomes increasingly difficult to whip them into a fervor of excitement by the old methods. More and more we become a nation of spectators at things like this. The people are not caught off their guard so easily any more by the old appeals. Many no doubt wistfully long to lose themselves, but they cannot. Again, the newspaper publicity which accompanies a revival like this one lodges too many doubts in the minds of the people. It makes them terribly curious, but it also makes them suspicious.

A man who sat in front of me during the first meeting obviously was a skeptic. He did not respond as one who was "saved" or as one who wanted to be saved. Yet, just before he left, he turned around to me very quietly and said, "Well, she's a wonder anyway." That is typical of the attitude of a great many American men toward a woman like this. She is a wonder! They look upon her as they would upon a dare-devil in a circus.

The fundamentalists in Boston and New England are, I imagine, somewhat embarrassed over the presence of Mrs. Hutton in their midst. They would like to believe that she has been sent by the Lord. But they can't quite believe, not with all their hearts. They want to see first how she and David Hutton will hit it off. He's a part of her now. She is no longer a rejuvenated virgin, no longer a celibate servant, foregoing the pleasures of a carnal life for the glory of the gospel. She stands now not only in the shadow of the Cross but in the shadow also of fleshly things. She may love Christ as much as she ever did, but she loves David Hutton too, now. She is a woman who carries her man with her. Will he destroy her magic? She left McPherson, her second husband, for the Lord. Has she now left the Lord for her third husband? People wonder.

RAYMOND H. PALMER.

Jottings

Jose Laval, who accompanied her distinguished father, the French Premier, on his recent visit to this country, was described by the reporters as innocent of many things. For example, when charged with the task of delivering a radio address, she asked Ex-Governor "Al" Smith to correct her pronunciation of the English language!

Senator Borah is incorrigible. When everybody else is talking all around a subject, he insists on talking straight to the point; when everybody else is pretending, he is just plain honest; when everybody else is dealing with illusions, he takes right hold of facts. What a man!

"A dripping 'wet'—a man of the Al Smith type—has got to be the nominee if the Democrats hope to win in 1932."—Anton J. Cermak, Mayor of Chicago.

Exactly! "A man of the Al Smith type" to "win in 1932" the same way that Al Smith himself won in 1928.

Sir James Jeans declares that there are more stars in the sky than there are grains of sand on all the beaches of the world. Yet we get excited and put a front-page story in the papers when a new planet is discovered!

War pictures in the rotogravures, war scenes in the movies, war stories on the radio!—When are the pacifists going to capture the great agencies of public entertainment and information? And failing this, what chance have the pacifists to stop the next war?

For sheer waste of money in an age when such waste is a crime, commend us to the new airship, "Akron." This is a toy, beautiful, but, like every other toy, useless.

J. H. H.

Max Yergan

That the white race is not producing great, outstanding, spiritual leaders who shine as world luminaries can be explained in two ways only. Either white saints are so common that they attract no particular attention, or else the white race is so engrossed in selfishness that it is no longer capable of such production.

That the first theory is incompatible with the realities of life is shown by the fact that white men instinctively, if sometimes unwillingly, acknowledge the supreme spiritual genius of a Gandhi.

That the second theory is true seems logical, since, making all due allowance for the splendid idealism of thousands of good men and women of our own race, whose aspirations for a better world are unquestioned, we have practically no one who commands the respect and reverence of people of all races because of sheer religious worth.

Be it as it may, however, we have two outstanding figures who tower in moral grandeur and spiritual greatness above ordinary mortals. They are both colored men, Gandhi, the Hindu, and Kagawa, the Japanese. Gandhi is a brown man; Kagawa is a yellow man, and now comes a third, Max Yergan, a black man. Possibly tomorrow the foremost religious figure in all the world will be a red man.

What Gandhi is to India, and Kagawa to Japan, Yergan is to Africa. He is a living saviour to living millions of black men enthralled by a vicious economic and social system involving master and servant equally in its coils.

Max Yergan lives in South Africa. He is in blood and color a black African; by birth he is an American coming from these United States where he is just a plain "Nigger" to millions of his fellow countrymen. To seven millions of Africans, black and white, he is the Black Hope of the Dark Continent. "God," says Franklin Kent Gifford, "sends ravens of many colors to people in need." We might change that to read, God sends ravens to people of many colors who are in need. To Englishman and Boer, Eurafrican and Bantu Elijahs hungering for food and drink comes this American raven bringing the bread of life and water from the everlasting fountains. If by any chance Max Yergan should ever read this he will forgive the figure. I know he will, because he is big in brain and broad and in sympathy and knows how to fathom the meaning and appreciate the spirit in which it is written.

To understand the problem we must know about South Africa and its people. The white people are of two kindred races, English and Dutch, spawn of the Vikings from a common stock. We know their characteristics, for are we not of the same tribe? They are ferocious and kind, brave and cowardly, just and unreasoning. They have carried the sword and the Bible to the lesser breeds to do them good.

With all his magnificent courage the Anglo-Saxon is an arrant coward. Here in America we defy the world while our days are spent in fear of foreigners, in fear of a handful of Japanese immigrants, in fear of a tottering ecclesiastical organization, in fear of a pitiful minority of ex-slaves and an insignificant number of political and social radicals. Our cousins in South Africa are running true to type with possibly more reason. The white people of South Africa are outnumbered by the colored races four to one, and they fear what the unknown possibilities of this great mass of black humanity may be. They are afraid of the amalgamation of the two races through that immutable law which through the sex urge overleaps the restrictions of custom and religion. They are afraid of the political dominance which an overwhelming majority may some day demand. They are afraid of the military power of a race who once organized into "impis" under the leadership of the renowned Chaka carried death and terror over a large portion of Africa. They are afraid of labor competition by men born to conditions fatal to white men, and whose living standards are those of savages. They are afraid of disease engendered by living conditions which they themselves have created. They are afraid of the old

heathenism which still has an appeal to new generations. They are afraid of anything which savors of social equality lest it endanger the caste system by which they so largely maintain dominance over the hordes of black men. They are afraid now of this new force, Bolshevism, which is gradually creeping over the world with its doctrine of rule by the proletariat.

The black men are not less unhappy. This was their country once. At the time the Roman empire was at its glory a horde of people known ethnologically as Bantus swept down from the north and became the ancestors of the modern Zulus. Physically they are among the most magnificent people in the world; they are tall, strong and well developed. Mentally they rank high among the world's barbarians. Prolific, they present by natural increase an ever growing majority in the population. Once they had a culture of their own which embodied all the elements which seem sufficient for primitive races. They had art of no mean quality, music worthy of appreciation, ethics setting forth high ideals, independence of foreign dominion, and food in plenty.

When two races come into contact with each other in such a way that antagonism is engendered, hatred, bitterness, and injustice are sure to result, and South Africa is no exception. The Zulus find themselves underlings in a land where their ancestors were lords. Eighty-five per cent of the land is owned by white men. Their old culture is broken and gone and in its place is a civilization being forced on them by foreigners. Once they were children of the sun living under the open sky; now they are herded in thousands in mines and barracks. In a land of plenty thousands of people are just keeping from starvation. If the Zulu is a skilled workman the law prevents him from following his trade. If he attempts to walk in the street he must not use the sidewalks. In some places he cannot even bathe in the river where the white man swims, and as for coming together in a public meeting or receiving any recognition in the affairs of government, such a thing is unthinkable.

Such is the country in which Max Yergan lives and the conditions under which he labors.

Who is Max Yergan?

Max Yergan is an American Negro born in Raleigh, North Carolina. In his early years he decided that he would study law and become a lawyer. He entered Shaw University in his native city and distinguished himself as a student. In his senior year he attended a Y. M. C. A. conference and became interested in the work of that organization. Graduating with honors from Shaw he renounced his plans for the legal profession and took a year's training at Springfield College in Y. M. C. A. work, and then he took up the task selected and began work among the students in our own Southwest. In 1916 there came a call for workers to serve the native troops of India. He left in June for India, and after remaining there a few months he was sent to Africa with the Indian troops. In East Africa he worked two years with colored troops including Hindus, West Indians and native Africans. The British officers watched him and his work, for here was one of those American negroes whom they probably knew most about through the cartoons and jokes in the comic papers. Their reactions can best be judged by their behavior. They cabled to America and said, "Send six more like him." Then six came and Yergan came back to America sick and racked with African fever. Before he had recovered he was in the service again serving as chaplain of the colored troops at Camp Lee in Virginia until the close of the war. Then over to France he went to be with the colored units who remained with the expeditionary army.

Back in America again he married Susie Wiseman and settled down to work, but ever in his mind was the call of Africa to come back and work with his people there. He pleaded with the Y. M. C. A. officials to send him to Africa, and when they heeded his call he took his wife and child and went back. When he landed in Cape Town the officials looked upon him as a suspicious character who was liable to stir up unrest among the natives. The church people regarded him as an interloper who had come where others were already taking care of their own problems. But he went to work, and in ten years he has conquered practically all opposition and ill feeling. Tact, character and determination have won the day.

A peculiarity about the colored races who become Christian is that they actually believe that Jesus meant what he said and taught, and they take Christianity seriously.

The two great achievements of Max Yergan are: the formation of over thirty vigorous student Y. M. C. A.'s in South Africa, and he has been able to accomplish the impossible feat of bringing together Briton, Boer and Bantu in friendly groups to discuss their mutual problems.

His own statement is:

> When I came to Africa ten years ago, my aim was to do three things: (1) to establish strong Christian Associations among African students; (2) to give, as quickly as possible, practical ideas of social service to African students; (3) to establish friendly relations between White and African students who, of course, studied in separate institutions and had little or no contact with each other.

Space prevents any detailed discussion of the appalling immorality, ignorance, drunkenness, poverty and disease prevalent in the towns and mining camps of South Africa, but with heroic courage Max Yergan faced these conditions. In his work with the native students his slogan, whether stated or not, has been—*Service*. He has imparted his own enthusiasm and splendid idealism to others, and the result of this benevolent contagion has been the enlistment of his helpers in the following activities: preaching to the non-Christian Bantus; night schools for men and boys; encouragement of sports and providing recreation for boys; health and sanitation, crusades in villages; establishment of Sunday schools; scouting; popular lectures on health, home making and agriculture for adults along lines similar to the agricultural extension service in America. All these activities have been carried on by student volunteers.

The crowning achievement of Max Yergan's labors is to be found in his establishment of better relations and a clearer understanding between blacks and whites.

Last year (1930) saw the most remarkable gathering ever witnessed in South Africa. At a place called Fort Hare there is a college for South African natives. From this point centers all of Max Yergan's work. He conceived the idea of holding a conference here with representatives of all the races in the coun-

try present. In June they met, three hundred and fifty delegates including students, teachers, government officials and delegates. They met in the new Y. M. C. A. building for which the leader had raised the money. There were 150 Bantu students, 60 white students and 75 other delegates from the Free State, Transvaal, Natal, Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Rhodesia, India, Europe and America. They dedicated the building, sang hymns together in five languages, had field sports together in which an African won the long jump. In the evening they had stunts. They ate together and slept in the same building, an almost unthinkable event where racial lines are drawn even much stricter than in our own South. They studied together, held religious service together, each repeating the Lord's prayer in his own language, and had communion together.

Then they considered the dangerous topics and discussed them frankly and freely. They took up such matters as the overcrowding of farm lands and the gathering of the young Zulus and others in the crowded mining camps; the Color Bar Bill which cuts off the trained and enterprising black man from the ranks of skilled labor and gives his job to the poor white; the drink problem with the deadly saloon debauching and killing the natives; and those bitter discriminations whereby the white laborer gets $5.00 a day while the black laborer working at the same occupations gets $5.00 a week. They discussed the Transvaal Motor Ordinance which makes it illegal for a native to drive a motor car in which a white person is riding; the segregation of the black man so that in all public buildings like the post office, the ticket office at the railroad station, and the teller's cage at the bank the white man goes to one window and the black to another.

When that conference had finished, Max Yergan was more than a successful Y. M. C. A. secretary, more than a widely known religious worker in South Africa. He had become a world figure, a prophet of better times in the world.

The men at that conference frankly confessed that it meant taking the road blazed out by Max Yergan or turning Africans over to the Communists, who know neither color, religion nor rank and who are working to make Africa one more of the United Soviet Republics.

The eminent scholars and officials of the white race who watched that conference could scarcely be loud enough in their praise. Francis P. Miller, Chairman of the World's Student Christian Federation, said: "The conference is a kind of window out of the all too narrow world in which we have been living."

An English college professor writes, "We are grateful to America for this modest Christian Gentleman—a true knight."

Frank B. Lenz says, "Max Yergan has set in motion a force which transcends national and racial boundaries."

On the success of Max Yergan's solvent of love, cooperation and service depends much of the happiness and welfare of one hundred millions of human beings in Africa and other hundred millions in America. If the two races whom fate has thrown so strangely together continue in their prejudices and estrangement the future is filled with vials of wrath and bloodshed. If love overcometh all evil then will men of African and European blood, like the white and black keys of the piano, in right relations, give forth notes of human harmony, and Max Yergan will not be the least among the prophets.

GEORGE LINNAEUS THOMPSON.

The Deserted Village

Let no word of blame be uttered for this borrowed headline. The expression is a theme rather than a title and as such agitated the minds of philosophic statesmen and religious leaders in countries of both the East and the West many centuries before the time of Goldsmith and his equally perturbed contemporary, Robert Burns. Indeed, the term *Village* appears as a symbol in some of the oldest literature that has come down to us.

This same theme is now engaging much of our own interest—approach to the question having been made through certain sociological studies of the last two to three decades; but the focusing point now being the determination of Mahatma Gandhi to make the village the unit of community life in India. This mental phenomenon is one of the highest interest and importance. It might even be said that study of our present condition of disorganization with its attendant unrest could proceed more profitably along this line than any other. For the subject, from having been a problem of the social student, has become a trend of thought in the general mind. This means that imagination, ere long, will begin to work with the materials of discontent on the one hand and of hope and creative desire on the other and that, in consequence, concrete results will be sought and attained. But the process, however hopeful it would be as compared with a counter move, is almost certain to offer another example of that "muddling through" of which our civilization is the supreme example unless it be directed by a conscious comparison with the psychological needs of the "type man." An illustration of this danger which comes readily to mind is the planning now in progress for artificially devised suburbs in which the feet of men are to be kept as far as possible above the earth. No Antaeus type for us! We have climbed too far up the ladder of evolution! Nature has been subdued at last! Perhaps—except in man's soul.

One of the best ways of approach to understanding of a social phenomenon is discovery of the full content of the term, or the terms, by which it has been denominated. For into such terms, as into vessels, have been poured the emotional reactions of those members of the human family upon whom the phenomenon has pressed most insistently. The beginning here—especially where the phenomenon has been one of spontaneous appearance—is to be found in the radicals from which the term has been derived; and for these we have to turn to the ancient Greek language as the one which preeminently remains closest to those elementary sounds which express spontaneously and inevitably human emotional states. Incidentally, a fact regarding this language which marks its disuse in the colleges as a tragic decline in men's mentality.

But to illustrate, let us look for the roots of our

word *civilization.* The nearest approach is in *sophizo*—radical *sivf*—which refers to achievement by *devised means,* through *skill, cunning, prudence, knowledge.* Now what is the root in the word *village? Phio* which means *to make to grow, to beget, to bring forth.* The noun is *philē, a union according to blood;* later, *according to local habitation,* our modern conception. In biology a *phylum* is an association of allied species. But note the direct opposition implied in these radicals: artifice—nature; making—begetting; machine—organism. Still more marked is the antithesis between *city* and *village: chitē—philē;* the former, a *heap,* a *mass piled up.* Isaiah, appraising the civilization of his own time, says: "Your cities are heaps." For always through history has creative effort been diverted into mechanical functioning, with a corresponding loss of organic structure and human values. In judgment upon the first two of the antithetical pairs which we have just noted, emphasis might honestly shift. In the third it imperatively falls upon the second member, the organism. For only the organic thing is alive, has roots in the past, branches in the present and holds seed for the future. An organism is a thing ineluctably true. Achieve an organic result and by the very laws of life you cannot be wrong. Such an achievement is art; when true, the vital bond between nature and spirit; spontaneous, where artifice is labored; taking its elements from nature but intellectually perceiving where she is blind. But what art is so great, so difficult, but so rewarding as the art of living?

It was the priority given to this last named form of art—recognition of its fundamental and essential character—which made the art of antiquity—as this term is commonly employed—greater than any which the Christian age has produced—unless, with William Blake, we except Gothic architecture. Which, moreover, is the secret of the enduring nature of the great historic cultures. For shall it be thought for a moment that any achievements of the sculptor, the architect, the painter—even of the musician—have, or could have, attained and held a long preeminence except as they have been associated with some great human experiment? In other words, with study to make life and living an art through the production of which man may govern his own evolution? Let us consider this point well, for all other means of extrication of our higher values and of the vital principles from the debris into which they have fallen are but roads toward an impenetrable impasse. On the other hand make man, his nature with its manifold needs and potentialities, and the highest conception of human destiny the basis of effort and every constructive and organizing activity that ever has been brought into play will find its fitting and effective place in the scheme.

Doubtless it will be said that this thought leads far away from the humble village, associated as this is in our minds with "the lowly train of life's sequester'd scene," "the swain mistrustless of his smutted face," "the homely joys and destiny obscure" of its inhabitant. But here two points come in for consideration; the first, that both in the ancient world and the modern the village has sometimes been a planned community; the second, that even had this historic village never expanded a culture but merely had furnished the soil for a sturdiness which must be a fundamental property even of genius, it is by no means desirable that human activity should either intentionally or instinctively repeat itself, leaving any irregular and uncertain advance which may occur to the "thumb of stolid circumstance" moving in the "slow inconsequence of Time." But rather is it desirable that the mind should respect its own creative and visionary powers and consciously order life so that these may have play. When this is done—when it was done at certain periods of human history—the village and the city each had a typical and honorable part to play. When it has not been done each of these group forms has shown up as a set-back in social evolution. The village has become a mere crib; the city—again to use the prophet's word—a heap. But when either term is used as a symbol the basis is to be found in the ideally conceived community. The village appears as a fellowship held together through the force of spiritual kinships, as with the Essenes—indubitably the parent cell of Christianity, the city is identified with the visionary life of a people—as vision harmonizes and exalts all the elements of its genius—as Jerusalem was the holy city of the Jews. Again when either form remains haphazard, growing according as nature or chance dictates, or becomes degenerate, the other is idealized by contrast, an example in antiquity being the Boeotian clans in conflict with the intellectual confraternity of Thebes, as shown dramatically by Aeschylus; in the modern world the wholesomeness of "Sweet Auburn" over against the effeminate luxury in London, as expounded lyrically by Goldsmith. What is left high and dry in this flux and reflux of opinions and of values is the principle that any movement uncaptained by "conscious endeavor" is an abortive one and tends more or less rapidly toward degeneracy.

When Gandhi comes to settle and organize his village populations the task, psychologically at least, should be a comparatively simple one. For the masses of the people in India are humble, tractable, at home with the crafts and swayed by religious feeling. In the West—particularly in the United States—training and habit are greatly differentiated, chiefly by our varied forms of employment; the need of machinery involves machine production, to say nothing of other factory made articles which would not be relinquished; the social needs are less primitive; the soul has less possession of itself. The task of forming a village population which should be a basic form of life would be infinitely more intricate than with the older peoples. It may be questioned, however, whether it need prove more difficult. For the simple reason that such a movement could not be conducted in the least arbitrarily but would have to wait upon the desires of the masses. In that requirement our own age, in the West, exhibits a condition which never before has appeared in man's recorded history. In spiritual and educational matters the people always have been led. If a considerable displacement of population prompted by spiritual need were to take place here and now—though preliminary study and planning would have to be done by leadership groups—the people themselves would necessarily be free in their response. Indeed, it would be part of the duties of the leaders so to study a cooperative relation between rural, or village, and town life that there should be the widest possible freedom of choice. I can conceive of no concrete effort which would so relax the tensions which bind us today; so easily solve the problem of control of the lawless elements of the nation by the law-abiding as study of the problem of a healthy

and effective commingling of the functions of urban and rural communities. And, considered as a problem, it is simplicity itself compared with those the leaders have now in hand. For if ever man was beaten he is so now. Why should he not adopt a defeatist philosophy and tackle the human dilemma from a new point of view? When, moreover, the matter is considered analytically, in these two groups are to be found the basic social unities—village and city—or city-state. Essentially there is no other principle of grouping. One is formed in the interest of human relationships, the other for the impersonal governance of law. In the former, community-sentiment is the potent influence. Where this proves insufficient and where disparate rather than uniting or complementary interests become a feature the second stands for appeal.

It would be interesting to work out a program of social formations under which life in the country should contribute much of the food required over a surrounding area; where women—and men of specific training and interests—should have an opportunity to work at what their souls desire; where, through secure possession, property and occupant in mutual interaction augment each other's powers; where the wider life should be more organic in nature than in the city by reason of relations among the communities determined, along practical lines, by characteristic outputs, as craft productions, fruits of the soil, etc.; where there should be a relaxing and mutually supporting interplay between home, soil and a not-too-distant factory center; where local entertainment and encouragement of talent should articulate on constructive lines with art and entertainment centers in which, through a selective process, the most excellent productions should be presented under the most impressive conditions possible; where a public sentiment engendered in human relations that are kindly and where fear does not prevail should develop progressively toward a social philosophy from the soil of which all laws should spring.

This, we say, would be an interesting task. But two questions there are of supreme importance which are to be answered before any program making can be more than the erection of a castle in the air. The first is, what would be the character and the quality of a leadership which could start a movement so disintegrating to our present forms of community life? The second, what, essentially, would be the magnetic influence that should determine drifts away from the present centers to new ones?

Leadership could not be of a specific character, as of great industrialists alone, or students of social science, religionists, educators, scientists, program worshippers of any sort, but would have to be completely representative, inclusive of all these and other spokesmen of the needs of man, and exclusive only of any who should be determined to push to the front a preconceived plan. A *tabula rasa* at the beginning should be a *sine qua non.* But, let it be noted, each spokesman would be the interpreter of an actual and vital need of either man in general or of men under some useful and desirable classification, and that his presentation would have to find a definite location on any map of populations and of activities which might be drawn up.

It will be objected, of course, that such procedure would bring about migrations which hardly could be paralleled in magnitude by those of the early Teutonic tribes or in significance by the exodus of the Jews from Egypt. But in answer to that it may be said, what already has been intimated, that in this preliminary ideal planning would exist no compulsion; that decisions of the leaders would be accompanied by no physical or political power to put them into operation; that it would be only as response came from the people in general and it became evident that some definite part of the program could be successfully applied that activities would be entered upon; that great displacements are going on even now—and that with neither plan nor assurance of bettering either family or social conditions; and, chiefly, that it is precisely from the neglect of such representative leading at the close of the war that the world is suffering as it is today. Of that opportune and strategic moment F. W. Roman has said in his "The New Education in Europe,"

> There was to be a new and more enduring unity within each nation and among nations. No class of society, no institution, either social or religious, was to escape transformation. The culture of the ages was to be placed on a sure and firm foundation. Even permanent peace was hovering plainly in sight and was soon to be welcomed to a final abode in the hearts of men.

Desire and hope were in all hearts, especially those of the people, with willingness to adjust their lives to some well thought out plan which should bring healing to the nations and restoration of its perishing values to humanity. But alas and alas! Leaders were wanting. When it came right down to the test everyone *preferred* to muddle through. And this we say in spite of the existence of the League of Nations—only hope of the world today as it is; as Señor de Madariaga likewise will insist. For the League cannot, by its very nature, undertake fundamentally reconstructive work. Neither can it rest its programs upon the bedrock of human psychology. For it is composed in the main of diplomats and to the statesman existing political forms must be more or less sacred. The League might be a powerful instrument for carrying out the wishes of an intellectually organized humanity but the work of bringing about such organization must be performed by perfectly free agents.

In reference to the fact that no spiritual leadership emerged from the war there is a suggestion of blame to be somewhere attached. I am sure it must be admitted that there was blame and equally sure that it must be fixed upon our intellectual classes, educators, sociologists, psychologists, religious leaders, idealists in any walk of life. For if the pre-war activities of many of these had been inspired primarily by hope for the redemption and the progress of humanity at large, could these classes possibly have remained quiescent at that supreme moment of opportunity to enter upon a human experiment such as the modern world, at least, never has seen? Could they have left the uplift of society from that time on to some moon-drawn "wave of time" instead of giving the movement an impetus out of their hearts' desire? Let us all face squarely this fact of our culpable negligence at a moment when the destiny of the race hung in the balance and the strongest promptings of mind and soul called to action. For, if now we are thus honest with ourselves and make exertion to redeem that not entirely vanished moment, it will be long before the human spirit sleeps again.

But still another question will be asked. Even supposing that the will of the intellectual classes had

been good, how could even these best endowed members of our great family have foreseen that the forces at work were, in the main, to act destructively? There were two reasons why this should have been seen: one, that the concrete aims of society were directed by the spirit of material gain; two, that the idealistic aims were negative in character, that of pacifism being the chief. The psychology here is perfect, yielding up a principle which no actual acquaintance with affairs can do more than aid and abet. For you may study the cosmic laws in an individual and frame a social program on the basis of the cycle of his needs. But, more specifically still, this question of a possible leadership was put to the test by a small group of persons well known to the writer. Alarmed by the fearful evidence of policies of drift, these experimenters sent letters to certain leaders of thought in this country, England, France and Germany which stressed the dangers of undirected movements, urged a representative spiritual leadership —with presentation of a tentative plan of formation— and declared that the Western world would soon, in a quite unprepared state, find itself face to face with the challenge of Bolshevism.

Replies came, except from Germany, which, perhaps, hardly was represented by the single citizen of that country written to. It was evident that in each case a strong individual effort was being carried on but that responsibility for bringing about any concerted action was to be slipped over to the shoulders of George, his initials being, in general, U. S.

There were two things which he must do before anyone else could do anything: disarm the nations and educate the world. Both again negative as well as rather magnificent schemes and undermining any constructive planning. For, if we were applying, with its consent, a new program of social formations to the world, what would there be to fight about? And if the treasuries of the nations were devoted to the building up of these new structures, where would be the money for war? But education, is this a negative policy? Yes, except as it is enforced by doing. How often in the matter of civic betterment has the writer not heard the plea: "It ought to be done but cannot be until the people are educated along such lines." But when this reasoning has been ignored and the idealists have gone on in the faith that what ought to be can be and that it is doing—gradually it may be—rather than talking which educates, the desired results always have been attained. What applies to a town or a city applies as a principle to a state, a nation, a continent, the world. Let us have affirmation and action, not alibis, where a principle is acknowledged.

The question of the impulses which would move the people at large either to remain as they are or to seek new environments and new lines of effort is the most difficult of all; the answer to it the most obscure. For this reason it is that very element which should in the last analysis be depended upon to give suggestion to the planning of the leaders. This may seem like a contradiction of ideas and a confusion of programs. But giving and taking of direction are entirely compatible if a representative body is more enlightened in regard to the basic and permanent needs of its constituency than are the members themselves and, further, if they are sufficiently tactful to make their offerings in such wise as to meet *conscious* want of change and improvement at its varying levels. This in itself is education by doing and that not only of the persuasive kind but of a nature to produce progressive awareness of the spiritual needs of mankind. For all knowledge comes to us either by costly experience or through revelation and, having had so much of the one means, the world should now be susceptible to instruction by the other. There is one thing, moreover, upon which the thought of the would be social reconstructor can bank and this perhaps in itself constitutes the answer to our second question. It is man's imperative need of direct contact with nature. Without this he is a starveling, no matter how stupendous and portentous his achievements may seem to be. It is but a small part of his nature that is developed and nourished under conditions exclusively of his own making and even though art which the ages have passed down to him is purveyed to his mind and soul by the institutions of learning, without the deeper needs and the falterings which measuring himself against nature and the universe elicit, he will find this mind and this soul most inadequate containers for the wisdom and the beauty which had their original inspiration in minds that moved with those great cycles under which we see—if we perceive at all—all the things of time and space. Altering the words of Job he will have to say, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear and that must be sufficient for me. I have been cut off from contact with the creative energies which keep in motion this world in which I live and now, never may mine eye behold Thee. Too late, O Lord; too late!"

The second question, however, obviously awaits an answer that would be explicit in form and content. Awaits the gathering of a leadership group and study and reporting by the members of such a body upon the necessities and the wishes of the man of today—the same as the man of the ages yet with needs and powers all his own.

E. S. Hamblen.

Father-Love

Ferntip baby fingers, petal baby toes
Uphold a man more staunchly than bachelors suppose.
And fathers find a love that blooms and bears and grows.

Let all my father-love that's washed by healing wells
Of children's joy and laughs cascading round as bells
Not shrink from any baby, even Ishmael's.

The silky colt that frisks as though it were on stilts
And chicks like dandelion puffs. . . My spirit lilts.

But make my father-love a love that never wilts,

A love that, never forcing any child as mine,
Will help sustain all children, knowing them divine—

That I may know all errors merely childish dearth,
Perceive we live as yet upon a baby earth,
In reverence before the miracle of birth.

Ralph Cheyney.

The Study Table

Friedrich Nietzsche

In the fearful days of the war while excited theologians were calling down the wrath of God on a "Nietzsche-ridden" Germany, George Burman Foster was giving form to the lectures now appearing in this volume.* For those who know the career of Foster it is easy to understand why he was able to lift himself above the struggle of the day and write as he did. Surely the tenor of the book and the circumstances of its origin add new luster to a name already distinguished.

The early chapters deal with the three phases of Nietzsche's life, particularly, and most brilliantly with his relation to Schopenhauer and Wagner. Without these two what might the prophet of the Ubermensch have been? First his ready acceptance, then his alienation and bitterness for having been caught in their toils. Finally after escaping the negative quality in Schopenhauer's doctrine of the will, partly through the influence of Darwin, Foster is able to summarize the Nietzsche-Schopenhauer relationship by putting on the lips of his subject "I am come that ye may have power, and have it more abundantly." For his characterization of Schopenhauer only this was left, "I am come that ye may have weakness, and have it more despairingly." Or as Foster distinguishes the two men in his chapter on art,

> Nietzsche said Yes to life with its pain, his own pain; and he said it with Dyonisic, Bacchanalian ecstasy. Schopenhauer said the ideal man was will weakness; Nietzsche said that the ideal man was will strength.

In Wagner, Nietzsche found a kind of preliminary Zarathustra. But later, particularly after Parsifal appeared, Nietzsche fled from all that he had found alluring in his great musical contemporary. It was not long before in "Human, All-Too Human" Wagner was made merely a purveyor of "higher deceits, idealism, sense of beauty and other womanliness." With his two great masters pushed into the outer world, Nietzsche was ready to deal with his own real world.

Closing his descriptive section on the career of Nietzsche the author turns to a consideration of the violent hatreds that infested the soul of this gigantic figure: democracy, socialism, morality, feminism, intellectualism, Christianity, pessimism.

Probably no chapter in this provocative book stands above the one on Nietzsche's attitude toward religion, Christianity particularly. Its worth stands out in the scope of George Burman Foster's understanding of religion itself, for in Nietzsche Foster found a mind intensely religious. Without running into a commendation of the excesses of this philosophy of aristocracy and harshness, Foster almost cries out,

> Nietzsche remains. The world needs him as never before. His religion is the religion of life, of beauty, of strength, and must not perish from the earth.

In other words, the author saw clearly, as the open-eyed may now see, that a stern gospel is sorely needed in the midst of colorless sentimentality that too often pervades the religious life of mankind.

For some the destruction of the Nietzsche heritage would be an unmixed blessing. For many of the world's tough minded it would be a calamity. And for the latter, few or many as the case may be, this new volume will be welcomed. This reviewer found it in the book stores of Berlin and learned that it was taking its place with other interpretations of high order. To Curtis W. Reese for his painstaking work as editor and to A. Eustace Haydon for his admirable introduction will go the thanks of all students of Nietzsche. These lectures come to us more than twelve years after the author's death. Fortunately they were not longer withheld from print.

RAYMOND B. BRAGG.

*Friedrich Nietzsche by George Burman Foster, edited by Curtis W. Reese, introduction by A. Eustace Haydon. MacMillan, pp. 250.

Wise Men and Religion

Here is a timely and useful book,* especially interesting to those who are always seeking new scripture compilations. Miss Hill has had the happy thought of going through the writings of the contemporary scientists and philosophers of our time, and finding out what they have to say about religion. Placing at the forefront of her volume an "Affirmation" by Albert Einstein, she then proceeds to present testimony from a physicist (R. A. Millikan), an astronomer (A. T. Eddington), a magno-electrician (Michael Pupin), a geologist (Kirtley F. Mather), an evolutionist (Sir Oliver Lodge), a botanist (C. Stuart Gager), a mathematician (David Eugene Smith), a political economist (Thomas Nixon Carver), a statistician (Roger W. Babson), a physician (Richard C. Cabot), a philosopher (W. E. Hocking), and a natural scientist (James Young Simpson). We are sorry to miss Sir James Jeans from the list. But, as though to give us good measure, the editor adds a lawyer (Frederick Rogers Kellogg), an author (Hugh Walpole), a literary interpreter (Charles Allen Dinsmore), and even a clergyman (Charles Lewis Slattery).

The result of this compilation is enormously impressive. These are humble as well as learned men, and reverent before the vast mystery of the universe. Nor do they find it difficult to reconcile the idea of God with this mystery. Nay, the idea, as rationally and also poetically interpreted, seems increasingly necessary. One thing is sure, and that is that materialism and atheism are dead. As for the old quarrel between science and religion, which used to regale our fathers, it seems like a ghost laid forever.

Professor William Lyon Phelps contributes to this volume a characteristically genial and illuminating introduction.

J. H. H.

*"Wise Men Worship," compiled and edited by Mabel Hill. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

They Are Calling

They are calling you to carpet, Industry,
You that count your gains in billions;
They, the jobless workers, girding earth from sea to sea,
They, your cut and patterned minions . . .
You have sacrificed their pinions,
Pride and ecstacy
In the work they are pursuing,
Taught them that the aim of doing
Is a bit of bread and tea,
Or a tiny plot of graveyard paid for quite respectably.

LEFA MORSE EDDY.

Correspondence

Bimetallism

Editor of UNITY:

UNITY readers are doubtless well agreed that most of our economic ills are due to the profit system and the resulting inequitable distribution of wealth. Economists, however, have been emphasizing another factor as the immediate cause of the present depression; that is, the recent rapid decline in commodity prices in the gold standard countries. Within two years there has been a fall of about 50 per cent in the prices of wheat, cotton, raw sugar, copper and coffee. These are the most striking instances; but the decline, especially in raw materials has been quite general.

When it is said that the fall in prices is due to the scarcity of gold, many will want to ask, how is it that prices in the United States have fallen in recent years while our gold supply has been increasing, and in recent months has been greater than ever before? The answer of course is that prices (meaning prices of raw materials) are international excepting for such differences as are due to tariffs and transportation costs.

It helps to explain why the depression is international. It must seem strange to some that in spite of the severe monetary troubles of England and Germany, due to their scarcity of gold, they have scarcely more unemployment in proportion to poulation than we who have more than our rightful share of the yellow metal. Prices have declined here just as elsewhere because the world production of gold has not kept pace with the growth of the world's industry and commerce; and so we suffer along with the other nations in spite of the fact that we have nearly half the gold of the world.

The history of industry shows that falling commodity prices almost invariably have been accompanied by depression. If the reader will examine the charts in the August, 1931, bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, entitled "The Agricultural Situation," he will observe that as far back as the records go the trend of business activity has followed the general trend of commodity prices upward and downward. The reason is simple enough. During rising prices we have higher interest rates, increasing money wages, steadier employment and higher nominal profits, all of which give a hopefulness which encourages an increased consumption of goods; and each enterprise, by a more frequent turnover of stock, may enjoy a higher degree of prosperity though the margin of profit be no greater than at other times.

Under falling prices the opposite tendencies are to be seen, especially in the productive industries. The farmer and the manufacturer find their goods bringing in less money than had been anticipated, which makes it more difficult for them to meet their obligations. Expansion is out of the question; curtailment and unemployment are inevitable. When the farmer must raise ten thousand bushels of wheat to pay a debt that five thousand bushels would have paid two years ago, we can see what distress falling prices in the past two years have brought to millions of debt-ridden farmers who even before were far from prosperous.

A number of economists are advocating monetary inflation in one form or another to restore a higher level of prices. England is accomplishing this by resort to a paper money standard. Her course has met with approval because it was recognized that an emergency existed which did not give time for the working out of a better plan. Yet the need of a safer expedient is obvious. Hard-headed England may perhaps be trusted not to go too far in paper money inflation, but countries with weaker governments need to be encouraged to maintain a money standard based on the precious metals.

The need of the times is for a standard which will automatically restore prices to a higher level and maintain them as nearly as possible at that level. An increasing number of economists are coming to believe that the restoration of bimetallism is the most feasible solution. That it would raise the value of silver and lower the value of gold, and give us steadier prices by tying the two metals together, is a proposition which invites the most thorough examination by unprejudiced students.

At a recent meeting of the Silver Association of Britain, Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressed the view that a proper use of silver would bring "many benefits to the trade of the world, both by mitigating the harsh decline of gold prices, which the MacMillan Committee declared to be the source of most of Britain's troubles, and by increasing the purchasing power of nearly half the people of the world, whose stores of value are in silver."

Sir Robert also cited the opinion of the Indian currency Commission, that the fall in the price of silver had "inflicted heavy losses on the poorer classes, who have put their savings in silver ornaments and who would find their stores of value depreciated by perhaps 50 per cent by the action of the Indian government." He added that the result of recent sales of silver by the Indian government had "abundantly justified the Commission's apprehensions."

"China," he said, "where silver has been used as the store of value for 4,000 years, has lost 50 per cent of the stored wealth which it had a few years ago. Similarly in India, where the only property women are entitled to hold is in the form of personal ornaments (nearly always silver) the volume of the people's savings has been vastly depleted. The effect upon the spending power of these great aggregations of population in China and India is witnessed today in the decline of orders in manufacturing establishments in both Britain and America."

A resolution, passed unanimously, said: "This meeting states its conviction that raising the price of silver and its restoration to a place in the world's monetary system offer the quickest and most effective remedy for the present disastrous fall of prices, and expresses the hope that the governments principally concerned will at the earliest possible moment confer with this object in view."

It is the great creditor nations that will stand in the way of the restoration of bimetallism now, just as they did forty years ago. The money lenders want money that grows dearer; but present precarious world conditions may bring even these to a change of view.

F. S. KINDER

Denver, Colo.

Encouraging Clippings

I.

Editor of UNITY:

Your publication has only recently come to me through a new friend and I want to congratulate you on the utterly fearless, frank expression on subjects of vital import without the usual ranting of a radical group.

L. C.

II.

Editor of UNITY:

I love your magazine as a kindred soul, and even if the earth is visited with another flood and the rest of us must be submerged, I could perish cheerfully if assured that UNITY alone with all its creators and contributors might abide safely in the ark as the nucleus for a better world. In matters of the spirit symbols never can be adequate, and neither do these words fully express my sense of indebtedness to you.

MATILDA ROBINS.

III.

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed find my renewal. I would not do without UNITY for anything.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

IV.

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed please find check for $3.00 in payment for your paper another year. So little to give for all that I receive!

Our once fortunes are failing, so that I have cancelled every other publication, but if ever I cannot pay $3.00 for UNITY I shall surely want to beg for it from someone who can and does continue to take it.

Hence, if anyone cancels subscription to UNITY for lack of funds, yet does so very sorrowfully, please send address of such to me and I shall gladly forward my paper to the party so long as wished for.

With profound appreciation,

E. B. H.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 130)

biles and that there is not a Chinaman's chance that conditions will arise which will make them decide it is a good idea to go back to the bicycle and the buggy.

* * *

I believe three square meals a day will always be the American standard, but that even if we miss one or two it won't hurt us.

I believe in common sense and natural vision as opposed to the "fidgets" and the use of smoked glasses when anything goes wrong.

I believe in the silver lining, the rainbow after the storm, the plunge through the center, the infallibility of the slogan "Never lead with your chin," and the potency of the cries "Block that kick!" and "Hold 'em Yale!"

I believe that much of the world depression is "done by mirrors."

I believe the worst is over and that it never was as bad as it was advertised.—*H. I. Phillips* in *The New York Sun.*

An American Plan for Unemployment Reserve Funds

Tentative Draft of an Act Submitted as a Basis for State Legislation by the American Association for Labor Legislation

(Concluded from last issue)

Section 22. **Bankruptcy.** In the event of bankruptcy or insolvency of an employer, the amount due for contribution shall be a preferred asset second only to wages.

Section 23. **Classification of employments.** The commissioner shall classify the employers in the fund into industries or groups of industries. The assets of each such class shall constitute a separate branch of the fund, to be known as its industry fund, and shall be liable for the benefits payable to employees whose last employer was a member of such class.

Section 24. **Organization of industry funds.** 1. Upon classification of any industry, or group of industries, the commissioner shall provide a board of not less than five members, at least three of whom shall be employers in such industry. The board shall be known as the Employment Stabilization Board for the (name of industry) Industry. Each member of the board shall hold office for the period of one year, or until his successor is appointed and qualifies.

2. The board shall have power:

(a) for the purposes of this act, to make rules and regulations for its class, which shall take effect when approved by the commissioner; and

(b) to fix periodically the amount of benefits payable from its industry fund, the period for which payable, and the times of payment, subject to the provisions of the act and the approval of the commissioner and the superintendent of insurance. Such benefits shall be as near the amount of the maximum provided herein as the condition of the industry fund of such class permits, and the decision of the board may be modified from time to time so that such fund shall always remain solvent; and

(c) to award dividends to employers based on their experience in maintaining regular employment; and

(d) subject to the approval of the commissioner, to appoint and fix the remuneration of the officers and employees of its industry fund; and

(e) to do all other things which may be necessary for carrying on the business of its industry fund.

3. Whenever more than two employers in a classified industry employing more than half of the persons employed in such industry, shall so request, the commissioner may provide for the election of the board by the employers in the industry and may provide for a vote by each employer in proportion to the total number of his employees. Such employment shall be corrected for each annual election. If votes at any such election are not cast by more than two employers employing more than half of the employees in such industry, the election shall not be valid, and the commissioner shall appoint the members of the board.

Section 25. **Employment offices.** Any employment stabilization board elected by the employers may, with the approval of the commissioner, create an employment office to serve the employers in the industry, and such branches as they may think desirable. The expense of such office shall be a charge upon the assets of the industry fund. Such board shall, subject to a minimum remuneration fixed by the commissioner, appoint and fix the remuneration of the officers and employees of such employment office, and shall, with the approval of the commissioner, make rules and regulations for its operation.

Section 26. **Powers of commissioner.** 1. Each employment stabilization board shall make such report to the commissioner as he shall request and their books, accounts and records shall at any reasonable time be open to him or to any duly accredited representative. He may at any time investigate the conduct of an employment office maintained by such a board.

2. The commissioner may make rules and regulations to provide for the cooperation between the industry employment offices and with the public employment offices.

Section 27. **Expenses of administration.** The expenses of administration shall be borne by the state, except as otherwise provided in this act.

Section 28. **Expense of hearings.** Fees of witnesses and other expenses involved in hearings and appeals under this act shall be paid on the same rate as similar expenses are paid in hearings under the Workmen's Compensation Law and shall be treated as expenses under this act.

Section 29. **Penalties.** 1. Any person who wilfully makes a false statement or representation:

(a) to obtain any benefit or payment under the provision of this act, either for himself or for any other person; or

(b) to lower contributions paid to the fund; or

2. any person who wilfully refuses or fails to pay a contribution to the fund; or

3. any employer who shall make a deduction from the wages or salary of any employee to pay any portion of the contribution to secure benefits under this act;

shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 30. **Separability of provisions.** If any provision of this act, or the application thereof to any person or circumstance, is held invalid, the remainder of the act, and the application of such provision to other persons or circumstances, shall not be affected thereby.

Section 31. **Time of taking effect.** This act shall take effect immediately, except that the requirements in respect of benefits and applications for benefits shall take effect on January first, 1932.

Famous Fiction

"This is the real stuff—imported. I know the guy that brought it over."

"It ain't the money I care for—it's the principle of the thing."

"Oh, I know how to handle it; I can drink it or leave it alone."

"I'm offa that stuff from now on. It's no good. Never again—that's me."

"The police have the situation well in hand. Important arrests may be expected at any moment."

"We are prosperous and don't know it. Prosperity is just around the corner. Anyhow, it's just a state of mind."

"If I am elected Mayor, all the crooks will be driven out of our fair city within thirty days. No gambling, no vice of any kind. The crooks must go!"—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

Announcement

The next issue of this paper will be published in honor of

MAHATMA GANDHI

Contributors: Mahatma Gandhi, John Haynes Holmes, Rabbi Louis I. Newman, Haridas T. Muzumdar, Curtis W. Reese and others.

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